

JUNE 1923

# The American Scandinavian Review

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# The American-Scandinavian Review

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HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, *Editor*

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## CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER OF THE REVIEW

The Swedish writer ERNST KLEIN made his first appearance in the REVIEW with an article on Professor Montelius on the occasion of the great antiquarian's death.

SIGNE TOKSVIG is a Dane by birth, an American by education, and began her literary career on the editorial staff of *The New Republic*. She was editor and in part translator of the collection of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy-tales which was recently put out in a charming illustrated volume by Macmillan. She is the wife of Francis Hackett, author of *Ireland, a Study in Nationalism*.

The story by MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ which appears in this number is from the collection *Dybhavsfisk*, of which Miss Toksvig says that it belongs to the best of Nexö's production, written before he began to fit his characters and emotions into a social scheme. It is a phase of Nexö that is yet practically unknown in this country.

CARL BEHRENS is the author of numerous monographs on theatrical and literary sub-

jects, among them one on the actor, Emil Poulsen. He has been active as a writer, editor, translator, and organizer. At present he is a contributing editor of *Nationaltidende* and *Ritzaus Bureau* and editor for Denmark of the Scandinavian magazine *Ord och Bild* published in Stockholm.

JAKOBINA JOHNSON is well versed in the poetry of her native Iceland, and is its most successful interpreter to American readers. Her translation of Matthias Jochumsson's hymn *Providence* was reprinted from the REVIEW in *The Literary Digest* as "the poem of the week."

HALDOR HERMANNSSON is professor at Cornell University and editor of the publication *Islandica*.

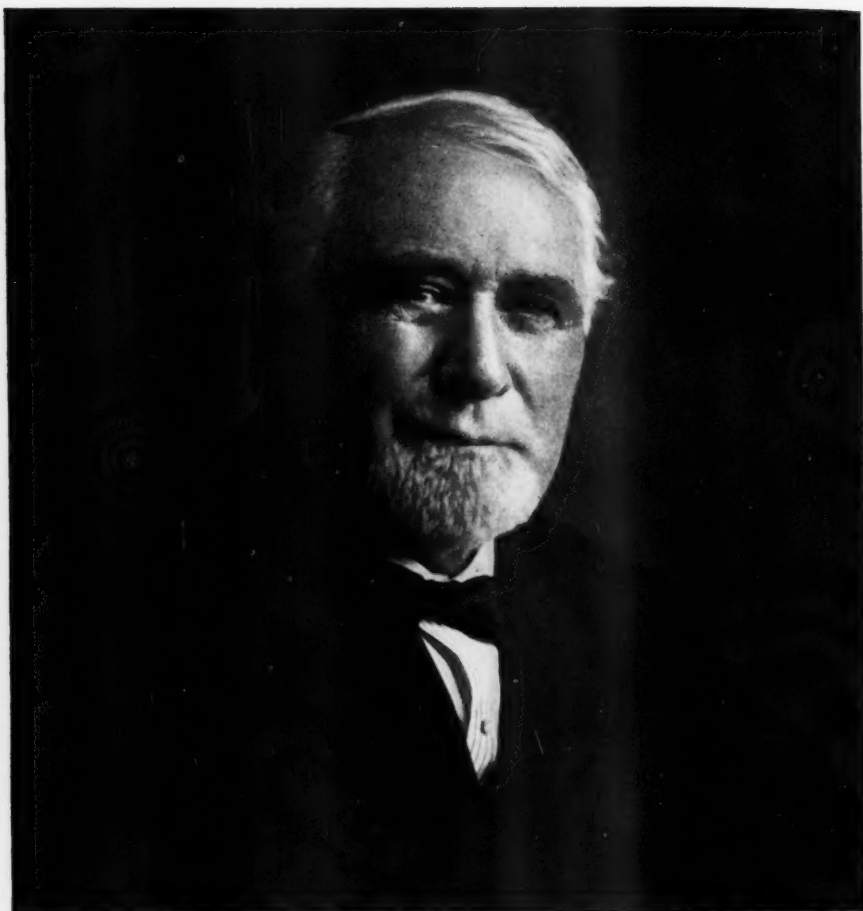
ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD is professor at Randolph Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Virginia, and is a frequent contributor to New York periodicals on Scandinavian literature.

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## A SWEDISH APPRECIATION

"Another powerful factor is THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, now in its eleventh year. Devoted alike to the interests of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, this attractive and appealing magazine has given Sweden her fair share of attention. Swedish literature, art, theater, music, science, education, social and political activities, have been interpreted in the REVIEW by editors and contributors in a long series of sympathetic and fascinating articles. And this gospel of culture has been spread to thousands of American homes, placing in the hands of those already familiar with Sweden a vivid text to be passed on to the uninitiate. Besides issuing the REVIEW the American-Scandinavian Foundation has already published some twenty-five volumes, among which are many works by Swedes or about Sweden. These books are finding their way into public and private

libraries throughout America, where they will for years to come play the rôle of messengers of culture from Ultima Thule. The meeting of Swedish and American minds is made still more intimate by the American-Scandinavian Foundation through its Exchange Fellowships whereby a number of selected American students go to Sweden every year for study, while a corresponding number of Swedish students come to the United States. This constant interplay of ideas, going on year after year, serves to make mutual understanding ever more clear and friendship ever more warm. Isn't this a genuine advantage to the international merchant? Isn't it easier to carry on trade in the sunshine of friendship and faith than beneath a cloud of ignorance and indifference?"—From an article on "The Meeting of Swedish and American Minds" in *The Swedish-American Trade Journal*.



KNUTE NELSON

*February 2, 1843—April 28, 1923*

"THE TRUSTEES OF THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION, HAVING LEARNED OF THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE VENERABLE SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA, KNUTE NELSON, WISH TO EXPRESS THEIR DEEP SORROW AND THEIR KEEN SENSE OF THE LOSS WHICH THE COUNTRY HAS SUFFERED IN BEING DEPRIVED OF HIS SANE COUNSEL, HIS WARM DEVOTION, AND HIS UNTIRING SERVICE.

"COMING HERE AS A POOR NORWEGIAN BOY, WITH NO HERITAGE EXCEPT STURDY STRENGTH OF MIND AND BODY AND A TRADITION OF FEARLESS HONESTY, HE ROSE AS HIGH AS IT IS POSSIBLE FOR A FOREIGN BORN CITIZEN TO ATTAIN. HE WAS TWICE GOVERNOR OF HIS STATE AND FIVE TIMES SENATOR. HE HAS HELPED TO SHAPE THE DESTINIES OF THE UNITED STATES FOR HALF A CENTURY. IN THE CRISIS OF THE WORLD WAR, HE, THOUGH A LIFE-LONG REPUBLICAN, WAS ASKED BY A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT TO REMAIN AT HIS POST, WHEN AGE PROMPTED HIM TO RETIRE TO A WELL EARNED REST.

"A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN, WHOSE CAREER WOULD HAVE DONE HONOR TO ANY BODY OF CITIZENS THAT COULD CLAIM HIM, KNUTE NELSON WILL BE REMEMBERED ALSO AS THE UNDISPUTED LEADER IN A RACIAL GROUP WHOSE LOYALTY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED. HIS EXAMPLE INSPIRED HIS IMMIGRANT KINSMEN TO CLAIM THEIR PLACE IN AMERICAN LIFE, AND THE NUMBER OF THEM WHO HAVE SERVED THEIR ADOPTED COUNTRY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, IN CONGRESS, OR IN HUMBLER WAYS, ATTEST THE INSPIRATION OF HIS LEADERSHIP. TO THE PEOPLE IN THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH HE HAS BEEN THE SYMBOL OF AMERICA WITH ITS GENEROUS HOSPITALITY AND ITS LARGE OPPORTUNITIES.

"WE MOURN THE PASSING OF A WARM-HEARTED SON OF NORWAY, A NOBLE CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, AND A GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGURE."

*Resolution passed by the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation at their meeting, May 5*

# THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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VOLUME XI

JUNE, 1923

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## Sweden's Westminster Abbey

*By* ERNST KLEIN

Sweden is a very old kingdom, one of the oldest that have existed in unbroken independence through all the storms that have shaken Europe from hoary antiquity until now. Not many centuries after the Roman Empire had ceased to be a world power, energetic kings laid the foundations of the realm of Sweden, and this realm is almost the same as that which comprises the Sweden of to-day. From there war-ringing hordes went out on errands of conquest—north, south, east, and west. Whatever of Western organization exists in Russia and Finland came from Sweden.

Nevertheless, it is not in Sweden itself that we must seek the origins of its great medieval art; for although the country was rich in man-power, it was poor in other respects, while in the great cultural centers its people were only guests—unwelcome and unbidden guests. It was not until Christianity had been preached a thousand years that Rome conquered the Baltic; not imperial Rome with her steel-clad legions, but the Rome whose fighters wore the tonsure in place of the helmet and carried books instead of swords. The oldest monuments of European architecture in Sweden date back to the eleventh century; and in the twelfth century rose the cloisters which became seats of classical learning in the midst of a people that up to this time had been almost purely Northern in their culture.

At this time Stockholm did not exist. The centers of the realm were in the interior of the ancient Svea and Göta dominions, in Uppsala and Sigtuna, on the island of Vising in Lake Wetter, just half way between East and Westgothaland, at Alvastra in Eastgothaland and Varnhem in Westgothaland. There monumental churches were built, far removed from the tumultuous Baltic, where the Prussians and Croats, who were still savage heathens, might turn up any day with their pirate fleets. But in the thirteenth century, when the Swedish



THE RIDDARHOLM CHURCH, FOUNDED BY KING MAGNUS LADULÅS, ABOUT 1280, ON GRAY FRIARS' ISLAND, WHERE HE HAD SHORTLY BEFORE ESTABLISHED A FRANCISCAN CONVENT. THE CHURCH HAS BEEN MANY TIMES REBUILT AND RETAINS BUT LITTLE OF ITS OLD ASPECT



realm had been strengthened under the wise rule of the forceful Birger Jarl of the Folkunga family, a fortified city was founded at the mouth of Lake Mälaren. The town received its name from the little island in the narrow sound where its first strong tower was raised: Stockholm. In the middle of the thirteenth century this "lock" to Lake Mälaren was completed, and ever since then the interior, the heart of Svealand, has been barred to enemy fleets.

Magnus, the son of Birger Jarl, also received a name which, at least in the consciousness of the people, came to signify a "lock." He was called Ladulås, literally "Barn-lock," because he put a lock on the peasants' barn door by his energetic defense of their rights against the overbearing lords. Among these lords, who before his time were themselves nothing but rich and arrogant peasants, Magnus introduced the spirit of chivalry and a sense of obligation to the lowly and defenseless. Knighthood as an institution dates back to his days. Not that feudalism in the sense in which it was practised on the continent ever became native to Sweden—the Swedish yeoman had been too long his own master, accustomed to freedom under the laws he had himself formulated—but in the halls of the nobility, as well as in the abodes of the Church, higher learning and spiritual culture found a home until the time was ripe for the state to assume this care.

To protect the poor was one of the obligations of knighthood, and in the thirteenth century a whole class grew up called "the Lord's Poor" or "Younger Brothers of the Poor." It was a brotherhood whose members had renounced temporal wealth and earthly homes to wander about the world in order to save their own souls by self-denial and the souls of others by preaching and example. The *Ordo Fratrum Minorum*, founded by Saint Francis in Italy, had spread to all of Europe and was already so well established in Sweden that it possessed cloisters in that country when, in 1270, King Magnus Lalulås donated means for the founding of a convent in Stockholm for the good of his and his wife's souls. It was built on a tiny island just east of that on which the city lay. This island, which was probably very sparsely settled, was known as Kidhaskär, that is a little island where goats are kept. Later it was called Gråmunkeholmen, or Gray Friars' Island, and this name it retained until the convent, having been discontinued, faded from people's memories, and the magnificent House of Knights built in the seventeenth century gave its name to the island, which since then has been known as Riddarholmen. At the same time the name of the church was changed from Gråmunkekyrkan to Riddarholmskyrkan.

The Franciscans brought with them the dreamy, spiritualized romanticism of the Early Gothic. Their first convent churches all bear the mark of the yearning upward which is characteristic of their time. Instead of the heavy square building of the Roman period, with its



THE INTERIOR OF THE GUSTAVIAN CHAPEL, WHERE AMONG OTHERS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AND GUSTAF III LIE BURIED

rows of powerfully curved, vaulted windows, its doors that made one think of the gates of a fortress, and its towers that were built as much for combat as for prayer, we have tall, graceful pillars of brick and mortar. Between these pillars the rays of light play freely in the mighty pointed arches of the windows. The towers look like frail arms stretched toward heaven. "Upward toward the light" is the keynote of this architectural art.

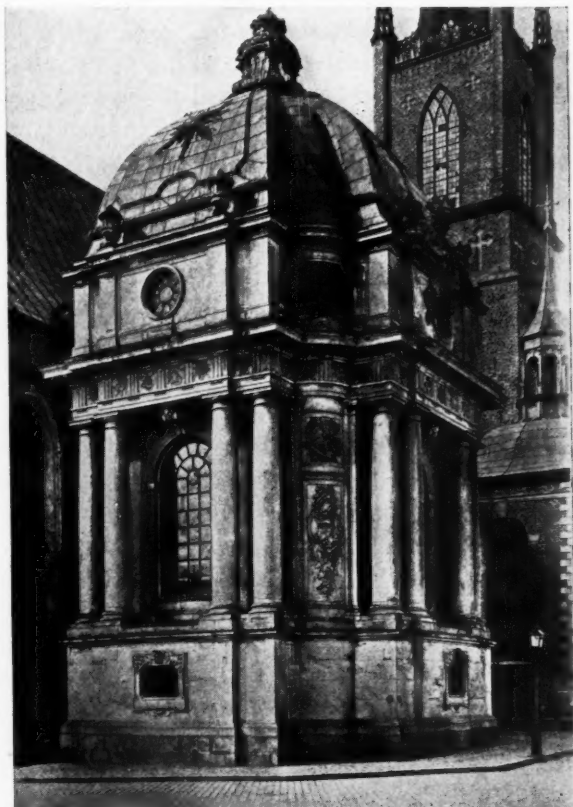
Even Riddarholmskyrkan, one of the first Gothic churches in Sweden, bears this stamp. More than a century after its completion a chronicler writes proudly, "She hath a fair and bright choir," emphasizing the difference between it and most of the churches of the time which

were swathed in mystic dimness, only lighted by the flames of wax tapers.

This fair and bright character was restored to the venerable Gråmunkakyrkan (or as it is now called Riddarholmskyrkan) after the thorough restoration which it has been subjected to during the time when in the rest of Europe the destruction of war was raging. This restoration, which was financed by the state, was done under the technical guidance of the architect, G. Lindgren, while Professor Martin Olson controlled the undertaking from a scientific standpoint. The gilded rays, the graceful and delicate floral paintings in the vaulted whitish-gray ceilings, have been brought out almost intact from under the layers of whitewash that past generations had so lavishly smeared over the interior.

The milieu which the chivalrous King Magnus had visioned for his future burial-place is now restored. But the character of the church is to a high degree different from what it was in the time of the Franciscans, for it has been for three centuries the Pantheon of Swedish Kings.

King Magnus prepared a burial-place for himself and his family in front of the high altar of the new church he founded, and it was here that among other things a portrait of him was found painted in a niche on the wall which once had been the south façade of the church. This royal tomb was never forgotten. Johan III, a learned monarch of the sixteenth century, who was a great lover of the arts, caused a monument to be built over this tomb, as also over the tomb of Karl VIII Knutson, situated alongside. Karl Knutson lived in the fifteenth century. Later there seemed reason to doubt that under these monuments were any



THE CAROLINEAN MORTUARY CHAPEL, DESIGNED BY TESSIN THE ELDER, BUT NOT COMPLETED BEFORE 1743. WITH ITS LIGHT SANDSTONE AND LAVISH ORNAMENTATION IT STANDS OUT AGAINST THE DULL BRICK WALLS OF THE CHURCH

royal remains, but the thorough restoration, which also included the monuments, brought to light the tombs themselves and the remains of those who rested there. Gustavus II Adolphus, the son of Johan III's brother, who died the death of a hero at Lützen, 1632, had before his departure to Germany decreed that he should be buried in Riddarholmskyrkan. A magnificent crypt was built in the late Dutch Renaissance style which was then in vogue, the first of its kind to be erected in Sweden. In this crypt the royal hero was buried in 1634. Later, as need arose, other tombs and mortuary chapels were built around the church. Several of the great Swedish generals from the Thirty Years' War, like Banér and Torstenson, had such tombs built, as did also other noble families. The royal house of Phalz found a resting place in a gorgeous tomb in the baroque style, known as Karolinska gravkoret (the Carolinean tomb). Here Charles XII found rest, after his gigantic fights against the barbarism of the east and the intrigues of the continental powers. He lies buried in a sarcophagus of Swedish marble. In 1860 the ruling house of to-day built their tomb. The old spire, which had burnt down, was replaced in 1841. It is the same that stands at the present time. This spire is a triumph for the Swedish iron industry, but, in the opinion of many, too modern in its construction *à la* Eiffel tower for this venerable building, which is a monument to the past.

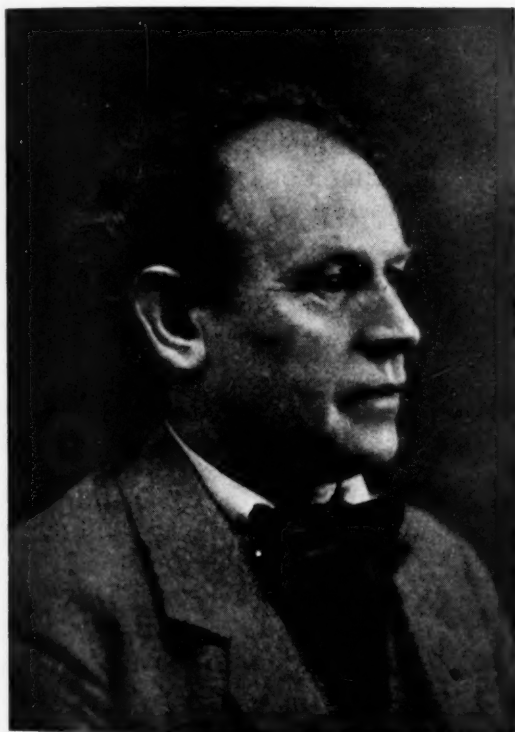
Before the restoration, the church received its characteristic atmosphere from the banners and standards that overshadowed both the tombs and the interior of the church. These trophies of Swedish conquest in three centuries were not hung there before the early part of the nineteenth century, a time that yearned for historical atmosphere. Our time, with its greater sense of responsibility toward the relics of by-gone days, could not stand idly by and see these treasures fall to dust. They were therefore taken down and placed in the armory. Only a few of those that seemed best preserved were hung over the graves of the warrior kings after having been subjected to careful repair, and it is thought that they will last the better now that the church is heated to an even temperature. Everything possible has been done to give the tombs and mortuary chapels their original character. The splendid stone sarcophagi and metal coffins have been scientifically restored and old walled-up windows have been opened, so that the light now streams down over the inscriptions. The church itself has again been enriched by many an old arched passage, many a little window, and many of those venerable details which a former generation was prone to hide under whitewash. As a result Riddarholmskyrkan stands to-day as a beautiful monument not only to the kings and great men of three centuries, but to the ages that have passed since it was built by the knightly King Magnus and the pious Gray Friars.



## Martin Andersen Nexö

By SIGNE TOKSVIG

The author of *Pelle, the Conqueror* and *Ditte: Daughter of Man* lives in a bright, comfortable suburban villa in the prosperous little summer town of Espergærde. I saw him there. Authors are usually a surprise to their admirers, and Nexö surprised me by being not at



MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ

all the gaunt, incisive, rather taciturn proletarian whom I had somehow imagined. He is ample in outline. His voice drawls with a certain mellifluousness. He has the looping tie, the careless tweeds, and the smoothly flowing manner of the type which some people call artistic. He uses the word "bourgeois" a great deal. To a remark about art as propaganda, he retorted sharply that art was a bourgeois conception which we must try to get rid of.

But except against the bourgeois, Nexö is not sharp. He is a generous and genial host. He talks vividly and with real humor. One of his stories was almost incredibly good. During the war he slipped in and out of Germany via the underground route that Communists used,

and on one of these trips he came to Munich. The management of the hotel where he was staying suspected the purity of his passport and took it away from him, pending examination by the police in the morning. "There was no use in trying to escape," said Nexö, "for to deprive a man of his papers in those days was like depriving him of his only pair of trousers; he might as well stay in his room and wait for what was coming." What came was an inquiry into him by four solemn police officials, "but, fortunately for me," he said, "they had just caught a very suspicious Russian lady that morning, and it took three of the officials to catechise her, so that only one was left to attend to me. But he was very serious. He painted in the blackest colors the

frightful fate of those who went about Munich with irregular papers, and as he mentioned the word 'papers,' he picked mine up to examine them again. His eye caught the word 'author,' which he read aloud with surprise. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'I didn't realize that you were Andersen, the author! When I was young I read your fairy-tales with the greatest pleasure. Well, well, I am inclined to be lenient with you. If you will promise to leave Munich at once and go up into the mountains, nothing will happen to you.'

"And nothing did," Nexö said. "I went away marvelling at my luck and also at the fact that, although the official and I were of the same age, he still believed he had read my fairy-tales when he was young. Ah well, he must have heard that Hans Christian Andersen is immortal."

Nexö told other and almost equally amusing stories, but his warm dramatic sense of humor was left shivering outside the gate of one subject, *the subject*, the gospel of the redemption of the world by the proletariat.

If one is not orthodox on this point, he cools perceptibly. He is a real and professing Communist. His books have had their best sales in Russia and Germany. He is so genuine that for two years Lenin himself has been inviting him to visit Russia, and he was on the point of going there when I saw him in snug little Espergærde. It was really about his Communist faith that I wanted to ask him. From his books, especially from the latter part of *Ditte*, it seems apparent that he believes in the actual moral superiority of the so-called proletariat group to that of all other groups, also that he believes that these groups have been fixed, and still are, fixed entities.

He confirmed this impression. As far as I could understand his argument and faith, it was this: Leaving aside for a moment the moral superiority of the proletariat over the bourgeois, he has the advantage that his forces are fresh. His vitality, his creative strength has not been impaired by thousands of years of artificial and degenerate living, as has that of the bourgeois. And he is morally superior because through his thousands of years of suffering the sense of class solidarity has become an instinct with him.

I tried to find out what he meant by "solidarity," but could not get closer to it than that it was the ability not to let prosperity cajole you away from the proletariat; in short, one supposes that you will refuse to be promoted to foreman if thereby you will be separated from the night shift.

But Nexö's definition of "proletarian" is clear and interesting, though more inclusive than I think he really meant it to be.

"A proletarian," he said, "is a man whose spiritual standard of living is higher than his material standard of living; a man, for instance, who wants to buy a book or to go to the opera, but who can't for want

of money. A bourgeois is the opposite, namely a man whose material standard of living is higher than his spiritual."

"Tolstoy," I said then, "was not a proletarian?"

"Yes, he was," Nexö insisted, "by inner conviction, *en sjælelig Proletar*."

It may seem irrelevant in writing about an artist to go into his political beliefs. But Nexö's books are sometimes inexplicable unless one understands that his first aim is propaganda for Communism. "Art is a bourgeois conception which we must try to get rid of." I tried to say to him that many people admire his sense of beauty, his dramatic power, his keen observation, his humor, and they had hoped he would let himself write for the pleasure of writing, for the sake of interpreting life alone, if he didn't like the word "art," and not spend himself in propaganda.

But he rejects all except using his gift of expression in the cause of the proletariat. "I exist for that."

It is well to know this. It affects not only his attitude toward art, but his attitude toward facts. Those who know Denmark as not indeed ideal, but as a generally prosperous and democratic country, are surprised to read in Nexö's books of squalor, misery, and wickedness unsurpassed. In *Ditte*, for instance, a maternity clinic is described which in its evilness verges on the ridiculous. I asked him if he really believed this den of iniquity to be typical of Denmark. He could not say so, but he said that it was meant to be typical of the bourgeois society which made profit out of misery in all countries.

Unless this explanation is furnished as a footnote, however, it is a little hard on Denmark. It is not quite fair, either, to have him go on describing conditions which existed forty or fifty years ago as if they still existed. But that does not matter. It is more important that just as you are about to weep at some moving incident in one of his books, the uncomfortable thought presses forward—why this is trickery, this is propaganda. All farmers are not seducers; all housewives do not starve and chicane their servants; all servants are not warm-hearted, noble children of light, and all employers are not cold, mean monsters of darkness.

And then if one weeps anyway it is because Nexö can not help being an artist. He arranges his figures so skillfully and gives them so lifelike an accent that he storms the citadel of pity. But that sort of assault and battery of the emotions is always resented afterwards. It is inexplicable that so gifted an artist can use these methods unless one knows that the cause of Communism comes first and the cause of art second. The proletariat must be exalted and the bourgeois abased, even if the colors of life have to be simplified into black and white.

After a while one begins to suspect this purpose in Nexö's work even where possibly it does not exist, and this is unfortunate, for he

has written much that the unsuspecting can still enjoy, and he may perhaps write more. He says that in a year or so, when he has put away *Ditte* from his thoughts, he will write a novel to complete the trilogy of which *Pelle* and *Ditte* are the two first pillars. But it will not be a sequel to them; it will complete them as a stone laid across the two pillars. It will be the apotheosis of the proletarian.

What gives Nexö his point of view?

He had a hard youth; he began work at eleven, tried herding and cobbling and hod-carrying and other hardships.

But many writers have suffered equally and come out differently. The unkindly say that he is a poseur who chooses radicalism; the kinder that his sympathy is so tender, so sensitive, that he is stirred almost to exaggeration by the misery of "the people at the bottom." The latter is probably nearer the truth. No pretender to emotion could have written *Lotteri Svensken* and *Lykken*, two novelettes which are really prose poems of poverty done with marvelous economy of expression, with an absolute rightness of idiom and an understanding of the soul of poverty possible only to one who has himself endured with the poor.

*Lotteri Svensken*, "*Lottery Swede*," a laborer soured by stupefying work, is temporarily softened by the hope of winning in the lottery. When he comes home from work that night, the family expands in his changed mood:

"When he had washed himself and changed his socks, he picked the baby out of her cradle and talked nonsense to her and tossed her up to the ceiling. The other girl came then and wanted to be tossed up too, but he said she was too old and sat down on the bench with her on his knee. The next oldest stood by the bureau rattling the key and feeling dubious, but after a while he took courage and came trotting with an old reed flute which he slowly and experimentally shoved across the table to the father. And when he saw him take it, he hurried out into the kitchen for a bowl of water because the flute wouldn't work unless it was wet. So they didn't light the lamp, and the Swede played the flute with two of the children on his lap, and the mother fussed about the baby, and the boy crouched in front of the stove and read *Rocambole*. He had borrowed it from the junkdealer's son for six buttons, and that was cheap for a book with over three thousand pages."

This simple, unaffected, vivid presentation is Nexö at his best, and, incidentally, earliest, before he began to fit his emotions and human beings into a social scheme. The same quality is often found in his various collections of short stories and sketches, such as *Muldskud*, *Barndommens Kyst*, *Af Dybets Lovsang*, *Under Himlen den Blaa*, and *Dybhavsfisk*. Nearly all of these are on the theme of the tragedy of poverty, but some admit other tragedies in the life of man. *En Strandvasker*, *Skæbne*, and *Banlyst* are three of the best. Each in its different way is a perfect thing.

Nexö sometimes allows himself to be stirred by beauty. His book of travel sketches from Spain is suffused with the joy of color. And



in *Barndommens Kyst* his description of the Bornholm farmers driving the big wash down to the sea to be rinsed is like a Sorolla:

"The drivers stand up smartly in the wagons to show the girls they aren't afraid of the water. They whip and shout the contrary horses into the sea. The animals rear and whinny, plunge leaping ahead and kick out in back, making the water spurt around them in shining cascades, veritable rapids of silver. The clothes are pushed off then, right into the sea they go, and the women come along with benches and beaters. They scream and carry on; keep tucking their skirts higher up and dip them anyway so at last they give up and let them drop. They hammer away at the unbleached sheets and chemises, standing up to the waist in water. The blows tremble over the surface in prismatic multitude and disappear into the sunlit shimmer of the sea.

"Round about—against the sea's deep indigo and the light emerald gleam near the shore and the clear singing air—naked bodies stand out that meet the eye with a warm trembling glow of their own, the glow of pulsating blood. The air caresses them, and the sun affectionately gives its own splendor to their color, turning them into fiery sparks—children of itself."

In *Dryss*, Nexö's first long novel, there are also passages sparkling with joy in the beauty of sunlight and summer and fresh young bodies, still *Dryss* is not one of Nexö's most interesting books. The theme is the blind carelessness of Fate or Nature, which lets the strong, beloved young man die, and the weakling, whose life means nothing to him, live. But the long gray meditations of the weakling on himself, and life and death, carry no conviction. One feels that the tragedy of poverty is the only theme which gives Nexö a really creative emotion, and that the "psychological" sort of problem deprives him of naturalness, leads him into something that approaches shallow ranting. It is significant that the only convincing characters in *Dryss* are the simple folk. The bourgeois are typefied by the wicked mother who wears corsets, and the resulting weakly child who grows into a young man so unhealthy that fleas won't even bother biting him, and who cries instead of being grateful when he discovers this.

It was in *Pelle, the Conqueror*, that Nexö found his first epic subject, and it is indeed known as a proletarian epic. But in the first two volumes it is simply life that he writes about—life as it unfolds itself for a poor boy. Until the boy is fourteen, it is Nexö's own childhood which is being described, and youth's gradual and painful discovery of the world has perhaps never been written about with such beautiful and touching veracity. The last two volumes are made soggy with long dissertations on trade unionism, socialism, and syndicalism, but in them too are many of those illuminating studies of workers which Nexö does with such sympathetic deftness. He sometimes trembles on the verge of sentimentalism in *Pelle*, but he never quite falls in.

*Ditte: Daughter of Man*, his last book in five volumes, is too obviously a pendant to *Pelle*. *Ditte* is the proletarian girl child, and she is scheduled to go through all the miseries that could possibly befall

any poor girl, whether it be probable or not that any such collection of calamities could befall one person. The first volume, however, is both credible and charming. Nexö has the gift of tender quaintness, and here he makes delicate use of it. But this is only preparing the lamb for the sacrifice. He makes us love the bright, appealing child so that we may weep all the more when the System hits her on the head. And certainly there is no reason why we should not be made to weep over the cruelty of the world toward the weak and defenseless, but agony can be laid on so thickly that the effect is missed. You can prove too much. Hardy in his anxiety to prove that all was for the worst made his world unreal at times, and Ditte's miseries are so cumulatively awful that after her third or fourth illegitimate child and fifth or sixth cruel employer, the back of the reader's sympathy breaks and irritation takes its place.

*Ditte* is then definitely a propaganda book; but even so, Nexö is still the artist in spite of himself, and *Ditte*, too, has byways of humor and vivid story telling off the main road of Communist doctrine that refresh the reader who would rather have his political theories served separately from art.

But—"Art is a bourgeois conception which we must try to get rid of."

It is fortunate for us that, try as he will, Martin Andersen Nexö can not quite get rid of it himself.

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## The Gold Watch

By MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ

*Translated from the Danish by MINNA WRESCHNER*

A little more than half a mile west of Pompeii, on the shores of the Gulf of Naples, lies the seaport of Torre dell' Annunziata. This town has between thirty and thirty-five thousand inhabitants, a great number of stray dogs, and more flies, I believe, than any other city in the world. Torre dell' Annunziata manufactures the greater part of the macaroni we eat—or at least of the kind we like best; and in summer when this product is hanging on long poles to dry in the dirty streets, every inch is covered with flies.

The city is built of blocks of lava and on a lava foundation. The roots of Vesuvius run underneath the houses and are lost in the blue gulf where the hard, sharp lava resembles the old, crusty claws of a bird of prey thrust into blue satin. A few miles farther inland the

volcano itself rises toward the sky—like a chimney leading down to hell, which at any time may issue death and destruction. Perhaps this is the reason why the people of this locality have such sharp, harsh voices? At any rate, it is not the kindest people of Italy that take up their abode around Vesuvius—I might almost say in the shadow of death.

Some years ago, while staying in Pompeii for several months, I used to stroll out to 'Torre dell' Annunciata nearly every afternoon toward evening to watch the sunset over the water and to catch a glimpse of life. Ancient history is interesting enough, but after having walked around in the excavated streets of a dead city a whole day, one longs for the metallic song of the busy life of to-day, a deafening noise of the kind that fills the air around Torre dell' Annunziata's large iron works. Moreover, the town possesses the most interesting feature in the world—a harbor where ships from all parts of the globe come and go. Nothing is more fascinating to him who has grown up in a small seaport than the sound of chains and winches, the haze of coal dust, the shouting, and faces all smeared with soot such as one finds in every harbor.

One evening, as I was walking about in this part of the town, I heard singing from the other shore, a folk-song which I had not heard since my childhood. Saturated with sentimentality, a few stanzas were carried across the shimmering water on the broad tunes of an accordion:

*Men Taaren flöd saa bitter  
for Kirsten og vor Mor.*

The rest of the words could not be distinguished, but were drowned in the melancholy howls of the ship's dog.

I followed the sound and found myself on the northern mole. Off the farthest point lay an iron vessel; she was heavily laden and had pulled out from the pier, evidently waiting only for favorable wind to put to sea. It was a sloop from Ærö. A young chap sat on top of the galley with his legs dangling, at the same time translating the evening idyl into song; the black ship's poodle sat by his side watching him with a wistful look, and every time the boy took a high note, the dog turned his nose toward the sky, emitting a long, shrill howl. Whereupon the other boys who were leaning over the rail laughed and spat in the water, making a target of the big jelly-fish. On the aft deck, which was fully illuminated by the moon, the skipper walked up and down, talking to a woman who was sitting on the skylight sewing, while the cook was busy setting the table for supper. I shouted a greeting to them which was returned heartily.

"Come on board," called the skipper, "and have a bite with us, and a Danish dram! Mother treats to fresh rye bread. Fred, get the yawl out and take the gentleman on board."

The ladder was hauled in and stored away, and I climbed up a rope. The skipper grabbed hold of me and pulled me over the side of the ship.

"This isn't a corvette you are on, but you are heartily welcome just the same," he said, shaking my hand. It was a sloop of the old style, with everything in apple-pie order: every corner spick and span. Around the hatches, fastened down with battens, lay the ropes, and the rigging with its stays and yards cleaved the air in all directions. The vessel had carried coal from England, and was now bound for a French port with a cargo of pumice-stone and lava.

The skipper's wife was a young woman in the thirties. As soon as I looked at her I knew that she came from one of the small islands south of Fyn—the real home of skippers' wives—the woman who is sweet and gentle, yet capable of managing everything, who can steer a boat and build a house, who arranges mortgages and understands about stocks, yet retains her dimples and sweet disposition. She had the delicate complexion of the girl who has spent her life near the sea, and laughed readily, a hearty laugh from way down her throat peculiar to the young women from between southern Fyn and Als. I was not surprised that the skipper after almost twenty years of married life was still madly in love with her. They had married very early in life, as people should who wish to enjoy together the sweetest years of each other's lives. For a few thousand kroner, for which the merchant of their home town gave security against retaining a share in the vessel, they bought an old tub—a sloop which was designated to be scrapped. With this boat they took up the Baltic trade on Germany and Sweden, but out through the Sound they never ventured. The skipper's wife always went along and took her turn at the watch, so that they needed only the assistance of an ordinary seaman. Her first baby was born on board, and it was not until the second child was about to arrive that she went on shore. At that time they were so well off that they could afford to get a more respectable vessel. The "missus" immediately began carrying on business like a real skipper's wife: she sold shares of the ship when times were hard, and bought them back when things again improved.

"So we ploughed the waves," the skipper continued, "and one fine day when I came home she had built a new house, without my knowing it. She surely is a strong girl, eh!" he exclaimed with admiration. "Once our boy nearly died, but she did not mention a word to me about it. He had fallen under a runaway horse and lay unconscious for several months until he finally decided to resume his course. But not a word to me about what was going on; I had no idea about it. I had some trouble that summer with the freight, so the missus thought I had enough to worry about. Still, there are things one does not like to be kept out of, but it was brave of her, nevertheless. Skaal, mother!"



She smiled and drank with us, but I saw tears in her eyes. The color rose to her cheeks, and her eyes which hung intently upon her husband's lips burned in undisguised devotion.

"Now that the second one is off our hands—a girl, you know—we thought we would again take up the navigation of our youth," continued the skipper. "We had a beautiful time then, but in the intervening years mother had enough to do bringing up the youngsters properly. Now that is over, and we have not been able to save anything. But we are both young and can try our fortune together once more. She takes to the sea like an eel and is not at all averse to a brief furlough once in a while." He winked at her with mischief in his eyes, no doubt in the recollection of some gay adventure.

"Too bad that you are leaving, or I should be glad to show you around," I said. "I am familiar with this part of the country."

"Yes, it is too bad! Of course, we have been around some, but a seaman's shore-leave brings almost the same result as fishing for shark: The returns are not in proportion to the investment. People on land are getting shrewder every day."

His wife sat looking at him, her eyes sparkling at some merry recollection, but he sent her a warning glance.

"Have you never been to Naples?" I asked. "That is a city well worth visiting, and it takes only half an hour by train."

At this question she burst out laughing merrily. She took his hand in hers as if to soften the effect, and laughed again. The tears rolled down her cheeks; her laugh was so contagious that one had to join in.

"Very well!" exclaimed the skipper, a bit vexed, "if you cannot contain yourself I suppose I had better tell the whole scandal. A half-told story is not much fun to a third party."

His wife jumped up in scared surprise and from behind his chair put her hands over his mouth; it was astonishing to see how determined her expression suddenly was. Evidently it was something very serious: she no longer laughed, her soft arms lay seductively against his weatherbeaten neck and made his eye unsteady. "He is done for," I thought, but just then he disengaged himself from the enchantment. They struggled a while, then he forced her down on the seat next to his, holding her hands tight in his. Her cheeks were scarlet, and she looked charming with her disheveled hair; her eyes flashed at him as if she were ready to fight. Every time he would begin his tale, she started in again with all her might and prevented him from speaking. There was, no doubt, a fight for supremacy concealed behind this love-game, perhaps unknown to themselves. If so, he was the victor, for as soon as he said the first word, she gave up the struggle and sank back in her chair.

"Of course we have been to Naples," said the skipper, almost out

of breath; "in fact, we spent two whole days and nights there. This was our first port after this crazy woman came on board, and as we had to wait for the cargo anyway, and the mate was a reliable person, we decided to make a honeymoon trip of it. We went to a hotel like a couple of newly-weds and had a wonderful time all by ourselves. We visited Santa Lucia, bought coral beads, and went to the big aquarium where you probably have been yourself.

"The second day it rained, and the streets were in a terrible mess. Arm in arm we wandered to Galleria Umberto—you know, the glass-covered cross-street with the beautiful shops. Just as we were on our way back, some swarthy fellow came running after us, caught up on the side of me and nearly enveloped me in his cloak. That is the most deceitful garment in the world, this here cape or cloak which the Southern people wear. One never knows what it hides. Well, without anybody noticing it, the fellow holds a box of jewelry right under my nose. 'Please buy it, Mr. Englishman,' he whispers in my ear; 'it must be sold at any price.' And he is gone like lightning.

"That was a fine guy," I said. Mother was not even aware of what was going on, it was all done in such a hurry.

"As we entered the hall of the house to go upstairs to our own room, a pair of black eyes stared through the dusk, and there was that monkey-face again. Before we could turn around he had flung his cape aside and stood there parading his jewel-box, this time more openly. 'Please buy it, Mister!' he whispered breathlessly, turning his coal-black eyes in every direction as if the devil were following him. 'A pearl necklace for Madame, and a gold watch for yourself, two hundred francs. We are a gang and had a lucky stroke last night; but we must be out of town before evening.'

"That he was a thief he really did not have to say himself; that was what I had immediately estimated him to be. I do not care much about meeting these cape-clad bandits on a stairway, so I continued my way up the stairs. But, as you may well know, womenfolks are not afraid of anything, not even the devil himself, when they scent finery, and mother absolutely had to look at the goods. 'Come now,' I said in a firm tone, 'I hope you are not going to get us mixed up in anything of that kind.' 'It does not hurt one to look,' she answered me back and took her time. Fortunately we heard some one coming, and the rascal got busy putting the box under his cloak again.

"What a nerve to come to us with that sort of thing," said my wife on our way up. 'He deserves that we turn him over to the police.'

"We had better mind our own business and not get ourselves mixed up in anything," I replied. 'No, of course not, but it would serve him right, such a villain! And to think that he is running loose with that beautiful pearl necklace! It would just suit Anne Lisa.'

"I suppose you mean it would suit you," I said teasingly, for it is

not everything that actually reaches the girl. Mother there is quite fond of finery herself. 'Yes, it would look rather well on my neck,' she retorts pertly.

"But that made me just a bit mad. For haven't I skimped and saved my whole life, carrying an old pancake of a watch! So I thought it was kind of queer that she should talk only about the necklace and not so much as mention the watch. And, good old pals as we are, we nearly had a falling out on account of some stolen goods which neither of us would have wanted to own for anything in the world.

"We had luncheon, but there was no real pep to it. And all of a sudden I noticed that the girl is sitting there weeping, in all quietness. We seamen, you know, prefer the water that runs beneath the keel, so I got busy pouring oil on the troubled waters. 'I want to tell you that you are doing me an injustice,' she said, after I had at last stopped the leakage. Whereupon she tells me the sweetest story I ever heard—how she and the children had been saving their pennies to buy a gold watch for me; twice they had made an attempt, but each time something happened and the money went elsewhere. Once my ship had suffered damage, and I had to write home for cash.

"'I am a big ass, my dear girl,' said I; 'here is my hand on it, but if you will give me a kiss I shall never forget it.' She took my arm and we went out for a walk to see the national museum which, no doubt, you know yourself.

"No sooner were we in the street before we again had the bandit following on our heels. He caught up beside us, flashed the jewelry before our eyes and sneaked ahead of us, as if nobody must see us together. He continued this game for a while until it was a bit more than I could stand, and I ran him into the gutter several times to let him know in a nice way that he could go to hell. But every time I gave him a push, he raised his hat politely and begged my pardon. My wife enjoyed it, but I was on the verge of getting real mad.

"'Confound him! Is it impossible to shake this blackguard?' I said to myself, and called a cab. But we had no sooner got inside before the scoundrel jumped up beside the driver.

"'He is my brother,' said the driver, 'and he is going to the museum to take an English party around.'

"And all our protests were of no avail; those rascals stick together as if they were ship-brokers. The villain himself said nothing, only looked affable, and after we had ridden a short distance he shoved his jewel-box down on the seat in front of us and began repeating his speech as if we had never met before.

"Of course, I have sailed a good deal on Italy and from time to time learned a bit of the language, and also acquired a certain knack in handling those swarthy bandits. To get mad is of no use—they merely laugh at you; it is best not to notice them at all. But it surely

was no fun to drive through the city in an open cab with a burglar sitting beside the driver and a box of stolen goods right in front of the missus and myself. To keep one's eyes away was not an easy matter either. 'Keep your eyes to yourself, mother,' I warned her, for I felt that it was not well to look at the display. You may cut me in half and splice me together from the wrong ends, I if did not see gold watches wherever I turned my eyes.

"I was expecting a new attack at the museum, but the villain simply opened the cab-door for us and helped us out without uttering a sound. He held out his arm so that my wife could lean on it as she descended, and I must say it was neatly done, for his hands were not of the cleanest. Then he raised his hat respectfully and thanked us a thousand times for having given him a lift. 'At last we are rid of him,' I said as we walked up the broad stone stairs, and we both agreed that whatever could be said against him, he certainly was a man of polished manners.

"We did not look much at art that day. It is not much we understand about those things anyway, and that day it was less than ever. 'I think that fellow has turned my head,' I said to mother. 'I feel as if I had spent the night with my berth full of mosquitos.' Every time some one near me took out his watch, I had to steal a glance to see whether it was of gold; and, as you know, pretty nearly every decent watch now-a-days is of gold. My head became very heavy and dull, and we soon decided to steer homeward.

"Right outside the museum, however, we encountered that scamp once more, just as though we were good old pals. You would have thought he was a mind-reader, for he now discarded all his other things and only offered the watch. And I must say it looked elegant: double case, fourteen karats, properly stamped and everything in order—and only fifty francs! 'Shut up,' I said, and kept repeating these two words, for I felt the situation was beginning to become dangerous. But every time I said 'shut up,' he immediately cut off ten francs in the price till at last he was down to twenty francs.

"I am willing to admit that I am no more virtuous than most other people, and I never refuse to take a chance for me and mine when I find it. Yet that does not say that I am going to buy stolen goods. And you may dip me in tar and set me afire if I can understand how it happened that I got on the wrong side of law and justice. But before I realized it, I was standing with the watch in my hand and when I turned around the rascal was gone.

"'At least you have got a gold watch cheap, father,' said my wife happily, without so much as a sign of remorse. As I have always said, when it comes to sentiment and that kind of things women are much better than we are, but as to morals! Or what do you think, mother?"

His wife simply smiled. During the whole narrative she had been



silent, resting her chin on her hand, and her eyes hanging on his lips—as if she were living the episode over again.

“You can imagine I felt terribly badly about the affair. Before long the rascal would probably be caught and we would be mixed up in the affair as having received stolen goods.

“‘I think I shall throw the watch in the sewer,’ I said. ‘No, better let me keep it,’ answered my wife, putting the watch down on her chest. ‘They won’t search a lady.’ ‘I am not so sure of that,’ I answered, ‘if I know anything about the Italians; and if they should begin to be uncivil to you, I don’t answer for the consequences.’

“It is a strange feeling, this here bad conscience; it is a horrible disease, to be sure. Every time a person approached me from behind I started, and mother let out a yell. At last she had grasped the situation.

“After we arrived home to the hotel and had carefully locked the door, our fears subsided somewhat. We took out the watch—and it was beautiful. Only to hold gold in your hand is a pleasure. It had tarnished a little from the heat of the body, and mother found a piece of flannel to polish it with—everything else would scratch it, she claimed. Whereupon she put it back on her chest and we went out for supper.

“‘You had better put it down at the bottom of the trunk, underneath everything else,’ I said, but she insisted that precious metal, like pearls, should be carried next to the skin. She claimed that she could feel the gold against her body, warm and almost as if it were alive. In fact, she said she would recognize gold from any other metal by carrying it next to her body. I thought to myself: ‘That is a mighty sensitive wife I have got all of a sudden,’ but was sensible enough to keep it to myself.”

He stole a glance at his wife at every mock-insinuation, as though he expected that she would respond. But she simply sat there with a serene smile on her face, thoroughly enjoying the story.

“That evening we stayed at home, fooling about with the watch. We let it strike—and what other silly things we could think of, and had a very enjoyable time. ‘I don’t care what you say,’ I suddenly broke in, ‘this is a pretty bad affair, mother.’

“‘Yes,’ she said, ‘I suppose so. But it may be a comfort to know that if we had not bought it, some one else would have run off with it. Let us hope the poor goldsmith is insured.’

“‘It is strange,’ I said, ‘there is nothing in the paper about the burglary. At any rate, to-morrow morning we are off to the boat.’

“In the morning one is generally more sober, and I felt most inclined to turn the watch over to the police—that is to say, in one way. For how could I explain my part in the affair? At best one might run the risk of having the sloop delayed beyond the time limit,

and then there would be the devil to pay with the shipowners.

"So we packed our things and rushed along to the station. But whom do you think we should see, sneaking around among the travellers? 'I see he is not arrested yet,' I said, getting out of the cab; but as soon as the thief discovered me, the devil took him, and off he went.

"As soon as we arrived on board, mother immediately disappeared below. I knew, of course, why she was in such a hurry, but I had things to look after myself. We had begun to take in cargo and the mate had done beautifully. I was walking up and down, looking at everything, exchanging a few words with the mate, when suddenly I saw the missus in the companion-way making signs to me.

" 'I don't know what is wrong with my neck,' she said, almost in tears; 'the watch is all black.' She had fetched the polish and a rag.

" 'That will probably come off again,' I said. 'Perhaps it would be well to try some brick-dust.' Mother rubbed and she polished while I walked up and down in the cabin, feeling very cosy and home-like. But suddenly I heard a peculiar sound, and as I turned around, by Jove, there she is lying across the table dissolved in tears.

" 'What is the matter now, my dear?' I said, after she had calmed down a bit.

" 'The watch, the watch!' she repeated, looking at me with her eyes full of water. I looked at the watch and nearly choked with laughter.

" 'For in her zeal she had absolutely wiped off the gold with her polishing rag, and the red iron was shining through all over.

" 'You could not have done me a greater favor, my dear,' I said, and kissed her face, which was dripping wet with tears. 'Now I need no longer feel that I have taken stolen goods.' This brought a faint little smile to her face.

" 'This is the third gold watch,' she said in a most pitiful tone; 'but the other two were genuine all right.'

" 'By the way, here is the trumpserv: it cost two and a half francs in the novelty shops, so that leaves a good profit. But what do you think of such a humbug? You had better put it back, mother. You see, she cannot do without it now; that is the result of acquiring a taste for wearing gold next to your skin.'

He winked at his wife mischievously, and she looked at him with a happy smile.



Photograph by H. Paetz

OLAF POULSEN AS BOTTOM IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S  
DREAM"

## Olaf Poulsen

By CARL BEHRENS

Olaf Poulsen, Denmark's celebrated Holberg actor, died on March 26, seventy-four years of age. Since 1917, when he retired on the fiftieth anniversary of his *début*, he has been living quietly at his country place in the idyllic Fredensborg, in a retirement which has been broken only on one occasion when he was persuaded to appear again on the boards of the Royal Theatre.

In the series of masterly Holberg impersonators who in the last

two hundred years have kept the name of the great comedian bright on the Danish stage, Olaf Poulsen followed Ludvig Phister, who was his teacher. Under Phister's auspices he made his *début*, at the age of eighteen, as Jacob in *Erasmus Montanus* with his elder brother, Emil Poulsen, in the title rôle.

For more than a generation these two brothers were twin stars of the first magnitude on the theatrical firmament of the North, and in our day the traditions of the dynasty are continued by Emil Poulsen's two sons, Adam and Johannes Poulsen, who are both leading actors on the Danish stage to-day.



Photograph by Elfelt  
OLAF POULSEN IN PRIVATE LIFE

While Emil Poulsen—whose death occurred in 1911—created great tragic characters, his Ibsen and Shakespeare impersonations being the most monumental the Danish stage has seen in the latter half of the nineteenth century, Olaf Poulsen vindicated the rights of comedy and swung his Harlequin's wand over the frailties and absurdities of humanity. He was the exponent of sound common sense in the servants of Holberg's comedies, but afterwards he extended his sphere so that it also included Shakespeare and Ibsen characters.

As we look back now, immediately after his death, on the career of this eminent and in his own domain unique artist, that which strikes us most forcibly is his versatility. In private life he was a Jack-of-all-trades and could do anything from mending a pair of shoes to sailing a boat or cultivating a garden. He was no less many-sided in his art. He began by playing the cunning servants in the classical comedies, but he afterwards impersonated the masters of these same servants, in *The Political Tinker* and as Corfitz in *The Lying-in Chamber*. As Jeppe on the Hill his humor had a richness and spontaneity that made him seem like an elemental force carrying all before him.

Olaf Poulsen was yet under thirty when he first appeared as Bottom in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was one of his most masterly





Photographs by Paetz

OLAF POULSEN IN THREE HOLBERG RÔLES, AS HENRIK (TO THE LEFT); AS HARLEQUIN IN "DE USYNLIGE" (IN THE MIDDLE); AND AS OLDFOX IN "JACOB VON TYBOE" (TO THE RIGHT)

creations. The crafty weaver with his illimitable conceit, and his eloquent arm movements that made it impossible to mistake his trade, was the outstanding figure, irresistible with his ass's head, and a triumph of parody in the tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. The great Will Shakespeare would certainly have shaken his hand and rejoiced if he could have seen this glittering cascade of mirth and volley of burlesque fancies. The spectator felt himself lifted out of the gray, everyday realities and transported to a happy Arcadia where dull care was dissolved in the sparkling stream of mirth. Such was the magic effect of this unsurpassed artist.

Another Shakespeare rôle in the teeming gallery of figures given shape by him was that of Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*. In this part it seemed as though his merry mockery and his full-blooded Renaissance exuberance reached their culmination. How he chuckled over the silliness of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, how he twitted Malvolio, and how infectiously he laughed over the follies of men, while he swung his goblet and sang canons so they rang through the quiet night!

Nor did Olaf Poulsen neglect another great classic writer—Molière. In *The Physician in Spite of Himself* he surpassed anything that the Théâtre Français has been able to offer in our day, and his Scapin was the embodiment of youthful mirth and frolic.

To the interpretation of Henrik Ibsen he also lent his genius. He played old Ekdal in *The Wild Duck* in such a manner that this wreck of humanity—the once sturdy hunter who now hunts his rabbit in the attic with the same intensity with which he once followed the bear over the mountains—became a suffering and living human being who merely by walking across the stage roused the pity of the audience, and who later became the most typical representative of that "life-lie" which

Ibsen satirizes. In this rôle Olaf Poulsen's genius assumed world dimensions and, if he had not happened to be born in a small country, would have been universally recognized.

But for this small country he meant a great deal. He turned our workaday world into holiday mood. He lifted the traditional bourgeois vaudeville and commonplace song-drama into the wide, free expanse of his own wit, by placing the conventional figures in the bright, concave mirror of comedy, where they acquired universal significance and could be touched with universal satire. Among Danish dramatists who are especially indebted to him may be mentioned Holger Drachmann, Otto Bazon, and Gustav Esmann. He enriched the light texture of their work by embroidering it with the golden thread of his own genius.

The death of Olaf Poulsen is mourned by all Danes who are interested in the art of the stage. The light of his brother's genius has long been extinguished by death, and now the second of the twin stars is only a memory—but a memory which will shame the words of Schiller that posterity weaves no laurels for the actor. The name of Olaf Poulsen will live together with that of Emil Poulsen. The two brothers set the high standard of the Danish stage and carried on its tradition at a time—about the beginning of the seventies—when the great names of the Golden Age were passing. The big jovial laugh of Olaf Poulsen is still echoing among us, and the glowing hues of the figures he created will not pale so long as there is a single person who remembers them.

As a personality he will go on living in Danish theatrical history; anecdotes about him will be told and retold, and even posterity will laugh as his humor is perpetuated down through the generations.



OLAF POULSEN AS LIEUTENANT BUDDINGE IN HOSTRUP'S "GENBOERNE." FROM A DRAWING BY VALDEMAR MÖLLER

## The Wine Monopoly in Norway

Norway is a country with partial prohibition. About four years ago a law was passed prohibiting the importation and sale of all beverages containing more than 14 percent alcohol. As told in our Current Events page, the law has brought Norway into difficulties with the wine-producing countries which threatened reprisals against Norwegian fish unless Norway were again opened to the importation of what is rated as "strong wines," port, sherry, and madeira. A demand of Portugal that Norway should import annually 850,000 litres of strong wines led to the resignation of the Blehr cabinet, which sponsored a treaty including a clause that would have obligated Norway to import the required amount—without, however, releasing it for sale in the country. The government took the stand that, inasmuch as the prohibition law had been passed by a plebiscite, it could not be repealed or modified without again bringing it before the country.

Largely under pressure of the fishing interests in the north, and influenced also by the general sentiment against an obligatory importation of wines that could not lawfully be disposed of, the Storting rejected the treaty, with the result that the ministry resigned and was followed by a Conservative cabinet under Otto B. Halvorsen. The accession of the new government has been marked by the modification of the prohibition law and the signing of a commercial treaty with Portugal. The limit of allowable alcoholic contents has been raised from 14 to 21 percent.

This does not mean, however, that beverages containing less than 21 percent alcohol can be freely sold. The government has taken measures to eliminate private profit from the sale of liquor, at the same time as it creates a source of public revenue, by establishing a "wine monopoly." This went into effect on January 1. An account of its provisions may be of interest:

A. S. Vinmonopolet is a State-controlled private company with a fully paid-up share capital of 20,000,000 kroner, divided into shares of 500 kroner. It has its registered offices at Christiania. Shares may not be transferred to other than Norwegian subjects without the approval of the board. The formation and financing of the company were effected by agreement between the Social Department and two of the leading banking institutions. According to the terms of this agreement, which is to remain in force for a period of ten years, the Government guarantees the company's shareholders an annual dividend of 5 per cent. The balance of the surplus is to be divided between the national exchequer and the shareholders, who shall, however, in no case receive more than 6 per cent of the share capital.

The share of the dividend falling to the exchequer is to be distributed as follows: Twenty per cent for a public fund to meet the evils arising from drunkenness and 80 per cent for a public fund for the subsequent realization of a State insurance scheme for aged people and invalids. The monopoly is not of a fiscal character, but its introduction has been dictated solely by social considerations.

The company is to be managed by a board of five members. Three of these,

including the chairman, vice chairman, and their deputies, are nominated by the King. Two members with deputies are elected by the company's board of representatives. The chairman of the board is to be a business man. The remuneration of board members will be determined by the King.

The board of directors is to appoint an expert as managing director and shall fix his salary. The company has a board of representatives comprising ten members, whose term of office is two years. The annual general meeting is held not later than the end of April. Each share represents one vote. In the event of the company being wound up, the surplus shall be paid into the national exchequer after the shareholders have been paid the face value of their shares with dividends. No alteration may be made in the company's articles of association except by sanction of the King.

The agreement made with the two banking institutions was to the effect that they were entitled and bound to guarantee the subscription of the company's share capital. In consideration of this guarantee, the banks were to be entitled to charge a guarantee commission of 1 per cent on the capital. Shares were to be issued to the public at a rate not exceeding par.

Over and above the share capital, the banks place at the disposal of the company the necessary cash credit up to a total amount of twenty million kroner, on the terms that are usual for such credit grants, the banks to transact the company's banking business at the customary charges.

As regards the retail trade, it will, generally speaking, be placed in the hands of local "samlags," wherever this agreement is preferred. But there will be nothing to prevent the monopoly company being allowed to take over the retail trade in wine, beer, etc., to the extent local governing bodies grant the necessary licenses. The Government may also impose this duty upon the company at the request of local councils. The latter will have no particular reason for refusing to grant the monopoly the necessary licenses, since they will not receive any of the profits, no matter whether retail sales are effected through a branch of the monopoly or through a "samlag."

The interest of local councils in a "samlag" or a retail branch of the monopoly is limited to its rating assessment. The organization of the retail trade in the towns or country districts where it is taken over by the monopoly will be a question of a purely practical administrative nature, which will be left entirely to the country's board of directors.

## An Icelandic Statesman and Skald

By JAKOBINA JOHNSON

In *The Northward Course of Empire*, Vilhjálmur Steffánsson says: "Without denying the value to the world of coffee and cotton and sugar, we are constrained to admit that the most important crop of any country is the people. No climate can be rightly considered good, though bananas and yams may flourish, if men decay."

Supported by this statement I shall make bold to say: Iceland has a good climate, for there men do not decay. A climate that makes imperative the use of brain and muscle at every turn will develop men with courage, initiative, and ability. A brilliant example of this is to



be found in the life of Hannes Hafstein, an Icelandic poet and statesman, who passed away December 13, 1922. But because his nation is small and little known, no large headlines blazoned the news of his death in this country.

Hannes Hafstein was born December 4, 1861, in the northern part of Iceland, where his father was government representative (Amptmann). He came of splendid family on both sides. The characteristic of his youth was extraordinary precocity. At twenty he was writing poetry, which the nation eagerly welcomed, for it radiated the courage and enthusiasm of youth and also the most ardent devotion to country and national ideals. It was memorized, it was sung, and it will endure.

At the age of nineteen, Hannes Hafstein graduated from the preparatory school at Reykjavik, and at twenty-five had completed a law course at the University of Copenhagen. From that time (1886) until his health gave way in 1914, he held some important public office in Iceland or was a member of its Althing. In 1903, when by an amendment to the constitution, the administration of Icelandic affairs was given over by Denmark, Hannes Hafstein was appointed prime minister of the country. This office he held from January 4, 1904, to April 1, 1909; also again from 1912 to 1914. This period was epoch-making in Icelandic history. In the first place, it was a big step towards home rule to bring into the country the administration of its affairs, with a resident prime minister. In the second place, a commission made up of men from both countries was now appointed to decide upon the position and rights of Iceland in the Danish empire. In the third place, enterprise flourished. The country's agriculture and fisheries made forward strides. Cable connection with the rest of the world were established, and a telephone system brought the people at home into closer touch. It is needless to state that political leadership at such a period involved bitter strife.

In 1889, Hannes Hafstein married a beautiful woman of noted family. His wedded life was ideally happy. After his wife's death in 1913, his health gave way and he died, after a long and lingering illness.

Hannes Hafstein is described by all who saw him, as a large and splendidly proportioned figure, and of such handsome and distinguished a bearing as to attract attention among thousands. As a statesman and political leader, he was brilliantly equipped, by reason of his unusual intellect, eloquence, contagious optimism—and rational tolerance towards his opponents. Any large nation would have been proud of such a son—a small and little known nation doubly so. He gave so freely and so much. Gave his people the best years of his life as a patriotic statesman—gave also of his faith, courage and love—"his heart in song."

## Two Poems by Hannes Hafstein

*Translated from the Icelandic by JAKOBINA JOHNSON*

### NEARING COLD-DALE

*I wish for rain—and I wish for snow,  
As on through Cold-Dale our horses glide;  
And that a bracing wind may blow  
Down from the glacial mountain-side.  
We need the air, and we need the bath  
To cleanse our spirits of slothful rest.  
We need the lash of an ice wind's wrath  
Of manly courage a fitting test.  
We need a ride where the wild winds wake  
And the drenching rain can not be withstood,  
That they may humbly shiver and shake  
Who shiver must. It may do them good.  
When a noble storm meets a manly man  
—The face must tingle and foot must tire—  
It draws on his latent strength to fan  
The glowing coals of a hidden fire.  
To brave the tempest with might and main  
Lends steel to courage and spurs to pride.  
—I hope there will be a rush of rain  
Or an Iceland storm—on our Cold-Dale ride.*

### SPRING

*The woods have wakened, birch and oak are gay,  
The warbling birds have sought the bowers.  
And zephyrs fondle tenderly in play  
The leaves and flowers.  
I would that I could move thee, forest fair,  
To mountain-side and dale and lea.  
I'd clothe those homeland places bleak and bare  
But dear to me.  
I would I were an ocean current grand  
And warm as beats my nulse in spring.  
I'd circle round thy shores, dear fatherland,  
And blessings bring.  
O, could I, like a balmy wind convey  
The breath of spring from fell to sound.  
All snows should then forever melt away  
And flowers abound.*

## Current Events

### U. S. A.

¶ Participation by the United States in the World Court is the programme of the Harding administration, as declared by the President in an address in New York before the members of the Associated Press, meeting in annual convention. Mr. Harding's dictum was further that all doors to the League of Nations were barred. A World Court was held by the Chief Executive to be a Republican party plank backed by records of years. ¶ In an address before the American Society of International Law, of which he is the president, Elihu Root affirmed that "both self-respect and self-interest require that the United States should stand by its own policy and join the World Court." ¶ In an address before that same body, Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, answered various objections so far raised as to American participation in a World Court. Mr. Hughes defined the administration's stand and attacked the critics who, he declared, were vain alarmists. He scouted the idea that there would follow any entanglements with the League of Nations as a result of America joining the World Court. ¶ Coming to America in a private capacity to speak on the League of Nations, Lord Robert Cecil has returned to England. Friends of peace are of the opinion that the visit of the noted Englishman resulted in clarifying the subject and restoring it to the level of intelligent discussion. ¶ New York State Senate and Assembly passed the bill of Senator Walker requiring all secret organizations and fraternal societies to file with the Secretary of State their list of members, constitution, and oath. The bill exempts labor, religious, and charitable organizations, and is believed to be aimed especially at the Ku Klux Klan. ¶ Another measure of importance passed at Albany is the repeal of the Lusk anti-sedition law. In his first annual message Governor Smith declared that he would sign the repeal in case it passed the Assembly. ¶ Many editors of leading newspapers in the United States gathered in Washington at the first annual meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors to formulate a code of ethical standards for the profession of journalism. In the interest of cleaner journalism and greater care in the presentation of news, five large prizes may be available under the will of Joseph Pulitzer. ¶ The tercentenary of the publication of the First Folio of Shakespeare's works was celebrated in America, no less so than in England, as an event of great literary significance. In New York the Shakespeare Society took the initiative, proving the perennial interest in the Bard of Avon. The theatrical season has been conspicuous by the presentation of a number of Shakespeare plays by leading actors and actresses.

## Sweden

¶ The Branting cabinet, which has been in power since October, 1921, handed in its resignation right after Easter, having failed to get a majority in a question of subsidies to the unemployed. A special Commission had been appointed to deal with this matter, under instructions from the Riksdag, but the government proposed a modification of the instructions, the main point of difference being that it would have the unemployed in certain striking trades continue to receive subsidies, provided they had been out of work for some months. The Commission took the stand that when a union went on strike the subsidies to the unemployed in that particular trade should automatically cease. Premier Branting declared that the Commission had no longer the confidence of the people, whereupon the neutral members of the Commission—that is those representing neither the employers nor the unions—resigned. Neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives would sustain the government in its position, and after Premier Branting had declared that he would stand or fall on the subsidy question, his proposal was voted down by both houses of the Riksdag in joint session.

¶ The king was in Nizza at the time, but hastened home. He asked the Conservator leader, Ernst Trygger, to form a ministry. The cabinet selected represents the Conservative party together with the farming interests, and is considered a particularly strong combination of eminent and efficient men. The prime minister himself was formerly professor of law at Uppsala, then chief justice, but resigned in 1908 to devote himself to politics. He has been leader of the Conservative group in the Riksdag. His associates in the ministry are the following: Minister of foreign affairs, Carl Hederstierna; minister of justice, Professor Birger Ekeberg; minister of finance, Jakob Beskow; minister of defenses, Governor Carl Malmroth; minister of the interior, Governor Gustaf Malm; minister of public worship and education, Chief Archivist Sam Clason; minister of commerce, Professor Niels Wohlin; minister of agriculture, Hjalmar Pettersson, member of the Riksdag; minister of communications, Sven Lübeck; ministers without portfolio, Bror Hasselrot, and E. R. Stridsberg. ¶ The Branting ministry has undoubtedly been the means of mediating between labor and capital, but it has been in the difficult position of having to try to convince the labor elements that the time was not ripe for the realization of their Utopian dreams and that, on the contrary, as conditions were at present, they would have to modify even their immediate demands. One thing that contributed to its downfall was the State aid of Lantmannabanken, which was proposed by the government in order to save the agricultural interests of the country from paralysis, but was looked on with disfavor in many circles. Another thing was the question of military preparedness on which opinions are divided.



## Denmark

¶ Shortly before the Easter recess the Liberal Left and the National Conservative party, who together have a majority in both houses of the Rigsdag and who support the Liberal cabinet in office, succeeded in coming to an agreement on the budget for the fiscal period 1923-1924. The main differences were on the question of protection of certain industries which are working under difficulties, and on the salaries of government employees. ¶ The two industries requiring special legislation were the cigar and shoe factories. An attempt to guard them against foreign competition by limiting the importation of these articles had failed, owing to the fact that retaliatory measures had been taken by other countries against Denmark's agricultural products. The Liberal party therefore refused to continue the import regulation. Instead it was decided to levy a temporary protective tariff on shoes and cigars, provided the manufacturers will consent to certain restrictions both in the dividends paid out and in the wages of employees. ¶ As for the salaries of government employees, the Liberals wanted to cut in half the increase given them during the time when prices were at the highest peak. This would have reduced the annual expenditure of the State by 10,000,000 kroner. The Conservatives, however, would not give their sanction to so drastic a cut, and a compromise was effected by which the expenditure will be decreased 3,000,000 kroner for the first year and 7,250,000 kroner for the second. The Conservatives consented to an increased tax on luxuries. When furthermore it is taken into consideration that the public utilities, railroads, postal department, telegraphs, and telephones, which in recent years have had a deficit of between sixty and seventy million, are expected to pay for themselves before long, it is hoped that the budget for 1923 to 1924 will balance with a total of about 375,000,000 kroner as against 600,000,000 kroner in the time of highest prices. ¶ On April 5 it was twenty-five years since Premier Neergaard was first elected to the Folketing from the district of Ebeltoft which he has since represented without interruption. The anniversary was celebrated in the city of Ebeltoft where the Prime Minister and his wife were guests, and numerous congratulations from older and younger members of the party as well as from colleagues in the Rigsdag were received. ¶ Olaf Poulsen, undoubtedly the greatest impersonator of Holberg characters that has ever appeared on any stage, died on March 26 from a heart attack. He had been living in retirement on his villa in Fredensborg. By his own wish he was buried quietly at Asminderød Cemetery by the side of his wife, who died several years ago. Only the family and closest friends with a few representatives of the acting profession and the directors of the Royal Theatre were present, but a number of wreaths were sent, among them one from the royal family.

## Norway

¶ The long tariff war between Norway and Portugal has at last come to an end, a new commercial treaty having been signed at Lisbon on April 11. The new treaty is based on the free importation of Portuguese wine to Norway, and the two Governments agree to treat each other as most favored nations. Some days previously the two houses of the Storting, the Odelsting and the Lagting, had by narrow majorities carried a government bill abolishing the prohibition of heavy wine. Prohibition in Norway is now confined to spirits. ¶ The Norwegian Government is combating the smuggling of spirits with increasing energy. Rum running has become an extremely risky business, and even in anti-prohibitionist circles no sympathy is felt with the law-breakers. To make the control more effective, the Norwegian government has suggested to the governments of Sweden, Denmark, and Germany that a conference should be held at Kristiania to discuss joint measures against the smuggling of spirits. ¶ A devastating fire took place at Hemnesberget, a small town in Northern Norway on April 7, by which 118 houses were completely destroyed. The damage is estimated at about two million kroner. Happily no loss of life occurred. Only three days later, the beautiful village of Evanger in western Norway was partially destroyed by fire, thirty houses burning down to the ground. The Norwegian Red Cross has opened a national subscription for the people who lost their homes by the two fires. ¶ The law on compulsory arbitration in labor disputes expired on the first of April, the Storting having rejected the former government's proposal for a prolongation of the law. The wage agreements in the leading industries expired on the same day, and a big labor conflict seems unavoidable. The negotiations in the printing industry having failed, the compositors and pressmen declared a strike from April 10 in all printing houses which are members of the Employers' Association. The daily papers of Kristiania are not affected by the strike. ¶ The spring herring fishery was carried on during March in very favorable weather conditions, and the results were better than for several years. The whole season's catch is 1,605,000 hectolitres as against 540,000 hectolitres last year. The aggregate value of the spring herring fishery amounts to 6,300,000 kroner as against 5,600,000 kroner last year. ¶ The cod fishery has also been very good and is larger than in most of the preceding years. The total catch of cod for the whole country up to the close of March is 24,600,000 fish as against 22,100,000 last year. The production of steamed medicinal cod liver oil is 53,800 hectolitres as against 41,800 last year. This year's cod liver oil production is larger than for many years past. ¶ A deputation from Nordland has called on the king to ask that work be started on the new railroad to aid the unemployed.

## Books

### AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF THE VINLAND SAGAS

THE NORSE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA. The Wineland Sagas translated and discussed. By G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, F. R. G. S. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1921.

The question of Wineland is one of the most fascinating problems of history and geography. Since the beginning of this century at least six books dealing with the subject have appeared, each offering a different solution of it. As no remains whatsoever have so far been found on this continent which could give a clue to the localities visited by the voyagers, we still have to depend exclusively on Icelandic sources for information. Unfortunately, these do not agree, as the *Saga of Eric the Red* has in many respects a different story to tell from that of the *Tale of the Greenlanders*. When the matter was first discussed at length by Rafn nearly a century ago, both of these sources were accepted as equally trustworthy. Later Storm concluded that the *Tale* was very suspicious, and hence he practically discarded it in his reconstruction of the voyages. But the pendulum is apparently swinging back, because the most recent writer on the subject whose work is here under review takes the sources to be of virtually equal historical value, the difference between them being, that one preserves better the story of the voyages made by the Greenlanders, while the other is principally concerned with the voyage of Thorfinn Karlsefni and his companions; in other words the *Tale* represents the tradition of Greenland, the *Saga* that of Iceland.

This distinction between the two sources cannot be maintained, as I have pointed out elsewhere. Both these writings originated in Iceland, in all probability, however, in different parts of the country; the *Saga*, having been penned first, apparently contains, as far as it goes, a more reliable story, while the *Tale*, which was written in the fourteenth century, shows many traits characteristic of the fictitious sagas. But it is unwarranted to discard it for that reason, because unquestionably it has preserved some things which the *Saga* has omitted, and so the two supplement one another. This the author has seen, but he overestimates the value of the *Tale*, and hence, some of the conclusions at which

he arrives become very questionable.

To mention an example or two. The author accepts as historical both the voyage of Bjarni Herjulfsson and the expedition of Freydis. While in itself Bjarni's voyage from Iceland to Greenland is not impossible, nor even improbable, the details of it as given in the *Tale* are highly suspicious. It needs no great familiarity with the fictitious sagas to discover in that account earmarks common to them—Bjarni seeing land three times and having such prescience as to be able offhand to tell that none of these is the land he is seeking, and thereupon steering straight to the place in Greenland where his father had settled. The story is visibly made to fit the three countries which were later discovered. Freydis' expedition and crimes are still more incredible. Such an enterprise as hers could not have been carried out with impunity in so small a community as the Greenland colony, and least of all without her treachery having been remembered in the Icelandic tradition.

On the other hand the *Tale* has preserved the observation of the sun upon which can be based a computation of the approximate latitude of the country discovered. It is also probably correct as to Eric the Red's having no part in these voyages on account of his injuries, and as to Thorvald's being the leader of a separate expedition. This and other things have to be taken into account when an estimate is made of the relative value of the sources, and this can not be done by merely comparing them one to the other; they must be judged in relation to the saga literature in general, and as yet this has not been done satisfactorily.

It would seem that the author's suggestions in localizing the places mentioned in the sources are somewhat extravagant. Also there he sides largely with the earlier writers on the subject, Labrador or Newfoundland being Helluland, Nova Scotia Markland, Cape Cod Wonderstrands, Fisher Island Straumsey, and Long Island Sound Straumsfjord, while Hóp might be found at the mouth of the Hudson River. Although this last seems improbable, yet it is within the limits of possibility. The author, however, makes the same mistake as nearly all of his predecessors in the field, that of placing Straumsey and Hóp too close together, because it ought to be clear from the *Saga* that these places were far apart and different, both in climate and vegetation.



The localizing of Hóp is to a great extent dependent upon the determination of the nationality of the Skraelings. The description of them fits the Eskimos as well as the Indians, and it is safe to say that the voyagers were unable to distinguish between these two races. The author points out a very important fact in this connection. He shows that the description of the "Skinboats" as used by the Skraelings fits the Indian canoe and not the boats of the Eskimos, and we are justified on that score in looking for Hóp south of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The author effectively shows the untenability of Nansen's theories which he treats at length. On the whole the book is well written, and after perusing it I think all readers will agree with the author "that the Norse discovery of America is a historical fact, and that the broad lines of the story have a substantial claim to be regarded as history."

HALLDOR HERMANSSON.

#### A NORWEGIAN HUMORIST

DRY FISH AND WET: TALES FROM A NORWEGIAN SEAPORT. By Elias Kraemmer. Translated from the Norwegian by W. Worster. London: Gyldeendal.

There are approximately one hundred thousand words in this novel; which makes it normal as to length. There are seventy-seven speaking characters in it; which makes it abnormal as a picture of life. That is, it contains such an abundance of character portrayal that we lay it down, feeling that that is all there is to it; that there can be no sequel.

What Hr. Kraemmer has done is to give a Babbittesque picture of the Norwegian village by the sea along in the early eighties of the nineteenth century and on down to the period when the sail boat began to go out and the motor launch to come in. Civilization is always most interesting at the turn of an industrial epoch. Then it is that father's oddities stand out in glaring relief, and daughter's (and son's) ultra-modern ambition shines like a lighthouse on the sea of nonsense. Hr. Kraemmer has availed himself of this bit of simple wisdom, and thereby redeemed Northern literature of the charge of redundant seriousness.

Knut G. Holm, the hero, is successful in business, is a widower, and the father of a

son who fancies he can paint and a daughter who knows she should sing. They are routed from this delusion by one Fru Rantzau, the widowed mother of Betty Rantzau, his new bookkeeper. The rest of the story, Part I, is soon told: William Holm *filis* gets Betty Rantzau, and banker Hermansen Betty's mother, while old Knut takes the two couples to a concert given by his protégé, one Hans Martinsen.

Part II, with its fifty-one characters all from the good town Strandvik, deals with the triple efforts of Nickelsen, Smith and Nachmann to make the course of true love run smooth. This syndicate dissolved at last, the dry fish buy boat, the wet ones man them, and the damp ones stand by and watch the passing show.

One of the boats that figures in Part II is the *Henrik Ibsen*, so called because "the poet in question was an expert at moving in dark waters and foggy regions, and made a very good living out of it." This merry jest is worth its weight in a precious metal: If Björnson gave Norway a flag, Ibsen made the civilized world follow it. And the Elias Kraemmers? They are made to delineate the petty but human follies that constitute an enlivening, and indeed necessary, feature of the genesis, evolution, and outlook of national greatness.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

#### A DISTRIBUTOR OF NORWEGIAN LITERATURE

The new general catalogue of the Augsburg Publishing House is an attractive and well indexed volume of 480 pages. Besides an assortment of the books and supplies usually found in the catalogue of a religious publishing house, there is quite an extensive list of Norwegian literature, of which this firm, located in the centre of Scandinavian activities, is the largest importer in America.

#### A PEER GYNT BOOK SHOP.

It is not only in an Ibsen play that Peer Gynt figures. In Gudbrandsdalen, his sun-blackened old house is still standing, and many good old stories are to this day current among the folk of the valley about this well known hunter, ski-runner, and mountaineer, his pranks and exploits. The man's real name was Peder Olsen Haagaa, and he lived early in the sixteenth century. Now one of his huts is to be used as a book shop in Vinstra.



# The American Scandinavian Foundation

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## DR. FINLEY'S MISSION

In 1917 the Regents of the State of New York sent Dr. John H. Finley, then Commissioner of Education of the State of New York and President of the University of the State of New York, as their special envoy to the universities of France. He carried with him messages and greetings from the colleges and universities of America and brought back the answers of the French universities to be incorporated in a volume entitled *French Schools in War Time*. He was the liaison officer between the schools of the two countries, "the armies of future defense."

The Foundation has now sent Dr. Finley on a second mission to Europe to interpret in public lectures "The Making and the Mission of America." He is lecturing on this subject during the month of May in Copenhagen, Göteborg, Stockholm, and Christiania. He is again a liaison officer in education, for he has been entrusted with messages to the universities of the North from the chief American colleges and universities. Prominent among these messages is one from the University of the State of New York:

"THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK founded in 1784, and including in its membership all elementary, secondary, and higher institutions of learning within the State, has the honor and pleasure of extending, through the Honorable John H. Finley, former President of the University and State Commissioner of Education, her cordial greetings to the ancient and honorable universities of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, institutions famous for their contributions to science, history, religion, and all the arts, and known throughout the civilized world as centers of learning, worthy of the

high traditions of Linnaeus, Geijer, Ulfilas, Niels Bohr, and A. Krogh."

President W. H. P. Faunce of Brown University gave the Foundation a useful phrase when he spoke of the student interchange as "the circulation of blood" between the Nations. In the message from Brown University, he now writes this paragraph:

"We have received through the American-Scandinavian Foundation some excellent European students. They have brought to us larger horizons and better knowledge of conditions in Europe. We shall be very glad to have some of our students study in the Scandinavian countries.

"Dr. Finley represents all that is best in American culture, and by his long experience and broad horizon is admirably fitted to interpret America to Europe. We bespeak for him a warm welcome, and know that he will return richly laden with suggestions and inspirations for American education."

Dr. Finley in matters of education speaks as well for the West as for the East. President E. A. Birge of the University of Wisconsin emphasizes this fact:

"It gives the University of Wisconsin much pleasure to know that so competent a representative of American life and culture has been selected for the important work of strengthening the cultural relations between the Scandinavian countries and the United States. It might be difficult to find another familiar with so many phases of American intellectual life, for he has distinguished himself as a teacher, as a university president, as an editor, as a public speaker, and as a

leader and promoter of philanthropic enterprises. He knows this country well—the academic and metropolitan life of the East as well as the rural life of the great Middle West. . . . The University of Wisconsin has watched with sympathetic interest the great work of promoting international amity undertaken by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and is glad to support its efforts in this noble enterprise; and joins the Foundation in expressing the hope that Dr. Finley's work in Scandinavia may have the cordial co-operation of the faculties of the sister universities of the North."

#### MR. HOLT HONORED

The King of Sweden has conferred on Hamilton Holt the Order of the North Star. The decoration was presented by Consul General Olof H. Lamm at a luncheon at the Bankers' Club, New York, on April 11. This luncheon was attended by the Executive Committee of the Foundation and other Trustees. Mr. Holt is the successor of Professor Schofield in the presidency of the Foundation. France, Italy, Greece, Japan, and Poland have also conferred decorations on Mr. Holt.

#### THE NORTH STAR FOR PROFESSOR BENSON

The Foundation takes pride also in the award of the Order of the North Star to Professor A. B. Benson of Yale University. Professor Benson has been a frequent contributor to the REVIEW, and translated Almqvist's *Sara Videbeck* for our series of SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS. Carl Laurin's Survey of Swedish Art in our recent volume *Scandinavian Art* was also translated by Professor Benson.

#### A PHILOSOPHER FROM ICELAND

The Foundation does not often have the privilege of entertaining a distinguished scholar from the University of Iceland. Among the visitors of this spring, however, is Professor August H. Bjarnason, who comes from Reykjavik to visit the Icelandic communities in the Northwest, to meet American scholars, and to attend a conference of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. Dr. Bjarnason is Professor of philosophy in the University of Iceland and editor of the literary quarterly *Idunn*. From the Foundation, announcements of his visit were sent to Icelanders throughout the country.

#### FELLOWS OF THE FOUNDATION

On the first page of this number of the REVIEW is announced the appointment of American Fellows for the year 1923-1924. With these students now selected by the Fellowship Jury and the parallel appointments from Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, the Foundation brings its alumni to the three hundred mark. Approximately three hundred students have received financial aid for foreign travel and study from the Foundation established by Niels Poulson in 1911. If our funds for students had been limited to the income from the endowment given by Mr. Poulson, the Foundation could not have appointed more than sixty students in this time; but as Mr. Poulson hoped, many others have given funds for the work which he began. Most of the Fellowships to-day are supported by subscriptions pledged by American and Scandinavian men of affairs who understand that fellowship between the nations can be encouraged by sending students back and forth between them.

#### A GIFT TO THE REVIEW

Mr. Frederic Schaefer of Pittsburgh has shown his friendly interest in the REVIEW by a gift of \$500 to finance a campaign for new subscribers to the magazine. This fund has been expended on an eight-page prospectus reproducing a cover of the REVIEW and listing some of the leading articles of the past two years. It is a convincing testimonial to the value of the REVIEW, to the variety, freshness, and authority of the articles which appear in the REVIEW month after month.

#### MISS BRÄNDSTRÖM'S PACIFIC TOUR

At the conclusion of her first lecture circuit, through the Eastern and Middle Western states, Elsa Brändström had received subscription amounting to almost \$50,000 for her work of mercy among former war prisoners in Russia. This is a tribute not only to the power of her cause but to her own enthusiasm and energy. From May 15 to July 1, Miss Brändström will travel through the far West, being received in each city by Associates of the Foundation. Although her American lectures are not under the auspices of the Foundation, many of our Associates have given time as well as funds to aid her. Our Trustee, Mr. Leach, called upon Associates of the Foundation for assistance in planning her lectures in Denver, Salt Lake

City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane. Consul General Lamm and Dr. Brilioth of the American-Swedish News Exchange have managed Miss Brändström's tour.

#### A LECTURE ON DENMARK

Miss Ingeborg Liisberg, Poulson Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, delivered an illustrated lecture on Denmark at the festival for the Danish Old Folks' Home in Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, on April 12. Miss Liisberg will repeat this lecture in several Danish communities during the spring and summer months in the course of an extensive trip through the West to study American schools. The stereopticon slides and the lecture notes used by Miss Liisberg will be loaned next year by the Bureau of Information to schools and societies which may wish to make use of them.

### Northern Lights

#### EMIL HANNOVER DEAD

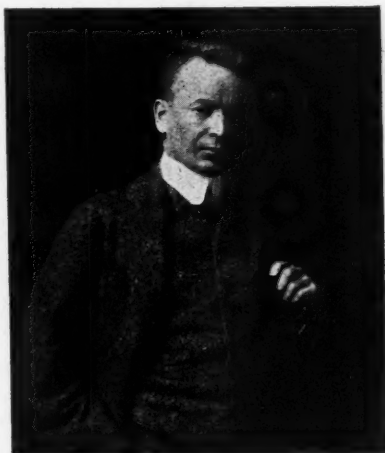
Through the untimely death of Emil Hannover, the world of art has suffered the loss of an organizer of great ability and a critic and historian of rare distinction and discrimination. The Danish Museum of Industrial Art and the Hirschsprung Collection in Copenhagen expanded and flourished under the insight, energy, and high culture that characterized his reign as director of these institutions. His influence was also felt far beyond the boundaries of Denmark through the Society of Scandinavian Museums of which he was the founder and leader.

In no less degree did he leave his impress through his writings. For many years he served as art critic on a leading Copenhagen daily, besides editing and contributing to several journals devoted to the fine arts. His literary output covered a wide field, including monographs on a number of artists, chiefly those of Denmark, a history of Swedish art, the art of the nineteenth century, a handbook on ceramics, a history of art in Denmark, and the art of painting in Denmark. In America he is best known as the author of *Danish Art in the Nineteenth Century* in the volume *Scandinavian Art* published by the Foundation in 1922.

#### ADAM POULSEN TO VISIT AMERICA

Next September the celebrated Danish actor, Adam Poulsen, contemplates making an

American tour, giving readings from the works of Oehlenschläger, Holberg, and H. C. Andersen as well as some of the younger Danish writers. There is also under consideration the producing of Molbech's popular old play *Ambrosius* in which Mr. Poulsen and his wife, who accompanies him on the tour, will play the leading rôles.



ELIEL SAARINEN

#### ELIEL SAARINEN IN CHICAGO

The famous Finnish architect, Eliel Saarinen, who won the second prize of \$20,000 in the *Chicago Tribune* competition for designs for its new office building, has decided to establish himself in Chicago where he feels there is a wide field for his work.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL PROGRAMME

The third session of the Institute of Politics at Williams College, Massachusetts, mention of which was made in the February number, will take place July 26 to August 25 in the coming summer. The general subject of discussion will be International Relations, in their historical, political, legal, economic, and institutional phases. The subjects of the Round Table Conferences and the names of their leaders so far as known at this date are as follows: 1. International Problems of the Pacific: George H. Blakeslee, Professor of History and International Relations, Clark University. 2. Current Foreign Policies as Affected by International Trade and Finance, and by the Distribution of Raw Materials and Food Stuffs: W. S. Culbertson, Vice-Chairman, Tariff Commission, Washington, D. C.



and Col. Stanley Dunbar Embick, U. S. A., Washington, D. C. 3. Race as a Factor in International Politics: William McDougall, Professor of Psychology, Harvard University. 4. The Conduct of Foreign Relations Under Modern Democratic Conditions: DeWitt Clinton Poole, Chief, Division of Eastern European Affairs, Department of State, Washington, D. C. 5. Law of the Air: Jesse Siddall Reeves, Professor of Political Science, University of Michigan. 6. The Outstanding International Problems of the American Continent: Leo S. Rowe, Director General Pan-American Union. 7. The Near East. War-time Diplomacy and Post-war Problems: William Linn Westermann, Professor of Ancient History, Cornell University. 8. The League of Nations: George Grafton Wilson, Professor of International Law, Harvard University. 9. The British Commonwealth of Nations and International Problems: Lionel Curtis, and Philip Henry Kerr, London, England.

Persons desiring to enroll for membership in the Institute may address the Executive Secretary, Institute of Politics, 3 Hopkins Hall, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

#### IN THE NEW YORK GALLERIES

The canvases of two American painters of Norwegian descent have during the spring been on exhibition in New York. At the Andersen Galleries the water colors of Sigurd Skou were shown, chiefly a collection of marines, many of them from the Lofoten Islands, snowy mountains rising from the sea, but played upon by such a prismatic blend of richly vivid colors that of bleakness and harshness there was none.

Thirty canvases by Jonas Lie were on view at the Ainslie Galleries during the month of April. Christian Brinton has written an interpretation of the artist for the catalogue of the exhibit in which he says: "The most recent scene of Jonas Lie's artistic activity has been the Adirondacks, in the vicinity of Lake Placid, in which locality he has resided during the past two years. Adirondack subjects, together with certain colorful coast scenes from Massachusetts and Maine, comprise the current display of Jonas Lie's work. The two major motifs—the mountains and the sea—are typically Norwegian, and this is doubtless why the painter achieves in their interpretation such a conspicuous measure of success."

#### THE INTERNATIONAL PEOPLE'S COLLEGE

Readers of the REVIEW will remember the project presented to Americans through Mr. Peter Manniche for an International People's College at Helsingör in Denmark. The college has now embarked on its second year. The enrollment for the first year, though exceedingly modest as to numbers, was sufficiently varied nationally to test the theories upon which the school is founded. There were twenty-four students at the school, two Americans, nine Danes, three Englishmen, one Irishman, one Scotchman, two Czecho-Slovakians, five Germans, and one Austrian. The first difficulty that had to be overcome was that of language, and this was done in three ways: through singing together, through foreign language lessons, and through manual labor in the open air. The daily singing did much to establish a community feeling, while the manual labor helped to break down barriers and create a feeling of co-operation. During the latter half of the school year, language instruction had advanced sufficiently to enable almost all the students to meet in a group for lectures and discussions in English on social problems from an international point of view.

#### ARTIFICIAL DAYLIGHT

The Swedish engineer, Gustaf Dalén, Nobel prize winner in physics, 1912, and inventor of the automatic lights used in lighthouses and buoys the world over, has now perfected an artificial daylight. It is made by a combination of colored rays, filtered with the aid of optical glass of high quality in such a manner as to eliminate the red and yellow, producing the exact effect of daylight.

#### THE DANA EXPEDITION

We have again had unfortunate proof of the difficulties of long-distance editing. In the account of the Cruise of the Dana in our March number (which, incidentally, has brought us many kind notes of appreciation) the captions under two of the deep-sea fishes have been mixed in the printing. No doubt the learned will have noticed, and even the unlearned can see, that the last fish on page 175 is the Stylophorus with the caudal fin, while the newly-discovered fish which carries its elongation in its nasal filament is above and to the right of the Stylophorus. We regret the mistake and apologize to all concerned.